

# THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

AMOS SMITH, JR.,  
Editor.

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## The Gallaudet Guide,

AND

### DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the First of every month by  
"THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION  
OF DEAF-MUTES."

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in  
particular, but designed to contribute to the  
information of all.

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#### For the Gallaudet Guide.

**LINES, DEDICATED TO LOVERS.**

The star, that, when I come to town,  
Attracts my trembling heart to muse,  
Is, lovely one! but all thy own,  
And robes thy form in beauty's hues:

The damask rose, the Alpine snow,  
In lineaments of raptur'd love,  
That cheek and that reflecting brow,  
With radiance blend, as from above.

A form like sylph, a walk of grace,  
A smile, that bids one only live!  
Fill every blissful hour and space  
And make, on Earth, a Heaven arrive.

Far brighter, still, the inspir'd mind,  
That shows in every waving glance,  
And speech, the intellectual line,  
As if the Graces pass in dance:

And better, yet, the pure soft heart,  
And spotless virtue of the sex!  
Ah, these absorb admiring art  
And make us seek each Holy Text.

How must we, then, admire that God  
Whose hand gave such a precious one!  
And while He, with chastening rod  
Guides us,—betokens none undone!

When every flow'r and gem of art,  
Had paled before a look of thine,—  
Then, richer tints from Fancy's Mart,  
With glowing emblem call'd thee mine.

Athens, Geo., March, 1861. J. J. F.

A deaf and dumb person trudged  
about the streets of Concord, one day  
last week, asking alms by the aid of a  
paper explaining his afflicted condition,  
and, after receiving quite a comfortable  
sum, seated himself in one of the saloons  
to enjoy a cigar. In the solace of the  
fumes of the burning tobacco he invited  
some one near by to join him; but the  
latter replied that he did not smoke, be-  
cause he could not afford the luxury, to  
whom DUMMIE responded:

"If you got your money as easily as I do,  
you could afford anything."

This reminds us of the story we have  
somewhere read of the blind man, led by  
a dog, wandering in the streets of Paris,  
who having his dog seized by some one  
passing, instantly opened his eyes, and  
gave chase; and, overtaking the thief,  
cudgelled him severely, after which  
he closed his eyes, and fell to begging  
again.

Men generally have more happiness in  
anticipation than in actual possession.

If you want enemies, excel others. If you  
want friends, let others excel you.

For the Guide.

## LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

MR. EDITOR:—The January and  
February numbers of the Guide have  
fallen into my hands. It will be a pleas-  
ure for me to converse with its intelli-  
gent readers through its medium. I do  
not hasten my steps towards the temple  
of fame. Fame gives us no bread to  
eat. It is a pleasant thing for us to  
walk in humble obscurity. There is  
nothing here to trouble me. I float on  
the smooth stream of life at ease in the  
sunny South. I felt overwhelmed with  
a sense of mortification on reading the  
articles on "Vagrancy among Mutes." Why,  
there, has always been too much  
talk about this subject. Away with it.  
That is all fudge. They who have  
raised the war cry against this people  
will meet with public condemnation.  
Some time before I came down to the  
South I purchased an alphabet of a  
mute pedlar. I was much pleased with  
his manly and fine appearance, and did  
not regard him as a vagrant at all. I  
thought him an industrious man. Every  
trade is honorable if honorably pur-  
sued, however humble it may be. Pub-  
lic sympathy and patronage should be  
extended to any people, blind, deaf or  
mute, in any honest enterprise if they  
make an honest living. Another mute  
pedlar also came here lately. He takes  
his rounds regularly, selling books in  
the country. He was treated with kind-  
ness by the people here, and sold many  
books. He said he left the North be-  
cause there the poor were oppressed and  
distinctions made. The milk of kind-  
ness, in general, flows through the veins  
of Southerners. A roving life is a very  
bad thing for mutes, because they are  
so often suspected of being imposters.  
I have heard of many people who pre-  
tended to be deaf, humbugging the pub-  
lic. Every mute should be in a settled  
life and follow a trade. Sometimes one  
cannot get work at a trade, and neces-  
sity compels him to shift for himself in  
the world. Then he can scarcely be blamed.  
The blame, if I mistake not, should lie  
on the shoulders of his friends who neg-  
lect to provide for him other employ-  
ment.

But these cases are few, very few—  
the great majority of the mutes depend  
on the fruits of their industry in an  
honorable manner, and despise charity.  
Some of the writers of the Guide com-  
plain that certain teachers of the deaf  
and dumb do not present any proofs of  
efficiency. If such be the case, they  
should be removed at once. Mr. F.  
had better do away with his scheme of a  
deaf and dumb colony. I am against it  
for many reasons. It is sublimely ab-  
surd, and if tried will certainly prove a  
failure. The deaf and dumb would la-  
bor under so many disadvantages, and  
could not enjoy living in a country  
apart from all hearing people. In case  
of sickness they would require the at-  
tendance of a physician. I know of  
no mute who is a doctor. Mr. F. can  
dive into mysteries and discuss almost  
any subject.

The glorious twenty-second of this  
month was celebrated with much elat-  
in this place. As you know, that is the  
birth-day of General Washington. War  
is the most direful of all calamities. I  
hope we will have a peaceful dissolu-  
tion of the Union, and no war. Seven  
States have seceded from the Union and  
declared themselves free and sovereign  
states. The South is united on the slav-  
ery question. The first founders of the

fabric of our government acknowledged  
the diversity of interests and views, and  
the North entered as a free country, and  
the South as Slave, but the Republican  
party has violated the Constitution. If  
slavery were abolished in the South,  
what would be the result? White men  
cannot bear the heats of the climate in  
mid summer on cotton fields. Millions  
of white people live by cotton factories.  
Cotton is king. It holds its sceptre over  
the commercial world. The cotton ar-  
istocracy in England is the greatest power  
in Europe—perhaps in the world. Our  
negroes are a most healthy and content-  
ed population, and much better off than  
working men of the old country. Where  
negro slavery does not exist, the rich  
oppress poor white men more than a  
master oppresses his slave. There is a  
great disparity in the social scale in Eu-  
rope. There is a division into three  
classes of mankind in all monarchical  
countries, viz., the high class, the middle  
and the low. Ploughmen, shepherds,  
shoemakers, carpenters, private soldiers  
&c., stand in the low class, merchants  
and bankers in the middle, and nobles-  
men in the high. Worthy mechanics yet  
stand at a respectful distance from the  
aristocracy, and are not allowed to sit  
at the same table in their halls, or in the  
same pew in their churches with them in  
England. That is a great sin, but I  
think they cannot help it. I know from  
observation that the poor classes in Ire-  
land and some other parts of Europe  
generally, groan under the iron rod of  
oppression. During the famine of '48  
in Ireland, thousands of these poor peo-  
ple were turned out of their homes and  
thrown on the world without a penny in  
their pockets, because they were not  
able to pay their rents. Most of our  
blacks have plenty to eat and wear even  
in these hard times. If any of them are  
sick, their masters take care of them and  
treat them well. It is the policy of the  
slaveholders so to do. But the Abolition-  
ists are making a deal of mischief,  
and the members of the printing frater-  
nity have also thrown too much abuse  
on the South. If the Republicans at-  
tempt to coerce the seceding States and  
blockade our harbors, war will break  
out. This is to be avoided. The North  
had better let the South alone. May  
peace and brotherly love reign through-  
out this land of the brave and the free!  
As a matter of self interest the South-  
erners will keep the navigation of the  
Mississippi river open, and allow the  
western and north-western States to send  
their produce down the stream. The  
pen has been wielded brilliantly in the  
Guide by Flournoy, Palette and Rey-  
nard. It will do well for them all to re-  
member the old maxim, "Know thyself."  
That is the way to obtain a knowledge  
of human nature.

Feb. 26, 1861.

WINGFIELD.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR:—The following, from  
Charles A. Goodrich's Sabbath-day Mis-  
cellany, the same author of History of  
the United States, will perhaps be ac-  
ceptable to the readers of the Guide.

#### BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

"If your father in heaven has blessed  
you with such relations, you must be  
very grateful for his kindness. Treat  
them with the most affectionate regard.  
If they are older and wiser than you  
are, take their advice, and follow their  
example. If they are younger, do all  
in your power to teach them good.

Never speak unkindly, or indulge anger  
toward them. Remember if they should  
be taken from you by death, how un-  
happy such remembrances would make  
you. There was once a little boy, who  
was often seen at the grave of a brother  
younger than himself, who suddenly  
died. He used to sit down upon the  
grave and weep bitterly. A friend led  
him away, and asked him why he mourn-  
ed so long for his brother? He an-  
swered, sobbing, "because I did not  
love him more when he was alive." If  
you are out of patience with a brother  
or sister, remember how you would wish  
to have treated them, should death take  
them from you, or you from them. It  
is a great misfortune to have no sister  
or brother. Some children have no such  
companions, and grow up in loneliness.  
When they study their lessons, there is  
no older brother or sister to explain or  
encourage them. When they come home  
from school, there are no little feet to  
run and meet them; no glad voice to  
say, "how glad I am to see you, dear  
brother, or sister," and no sweet babe  
for them to take in their arms and kiss.  
And when they grow up, and are sick  
and sorrowful, there will be none to  
whom they can say, "my sister," or  
"my brother," when they pour out the  
sorrows of their hearts.

Kindness and affection between chil-  
dren of the same family, is delightful to  
an observer. I never knew it more  
sweetly displayed than by two little  
deaf and dumb sisters. Their names  
were Phoebe and Frances Hammond.  
When the youngest began to walk, the  
other was always by her side to assist  
her tottering steps. When they were  
permitted to play out of doors, Phoebe  
took care of Frances, who was two and  
a half years younger than herself. If  
she saw anything coming, which she  
feared would hurt her, she clasped her  
in her arms with the utmost tenderness.  
She was never out of patience with the  
little one, or tired of performing any  
labor for her. They were not able to  
speak, because they were deaf and dumb,  
but they looked at each other with the  
sweetest smiles, and by the signs which  
they invented, and the tender language  
of the eyes, understood each other's  
wants, and sorrows, and pleasures. If  
one received a gift, she divided it with  
the other; or if it could not be divided,  
it was considered as the property of  
both. So entire was their love, that it  
seemed, as if one heart animated two  
bodies. When the youngest was but  
seven years old, they were both sent  
many miles from their parents, to the  
Asylum for the deaf and dumb, in  
Hartford, Conn. Here they were left  
among strangers. But they took their  
seats pleasantly among the one hundred  
and forty pupils. When the lessons of  
the day were over, they comforted each  
other with their sisterly love. Phoebe  
tried to be a mother to Frances. She  
taught her to keep her clothes without  
spot or stain, and to put every article she  
used in its right place. She led her by  
the hand wherever she went, and if  
there were any tears on her cheeks, she  
kissed them away. Little Frances look-  
ed up to her with the most endearing con-  
fidence. When they went home to spend  
their vacations, the affection of these  
sweet sisterly sisters was much admired by  
every one. In 1829, Phoebe was taken  
sick of a consumption. She was obliged  
to leave the asylum, and go to her pa-  
rents. She wished every day to be car-  
ried into a room, and left alone, that she  
might pray to her Father in heaven. "I

am so weak," she said, "that I shall die.  
I pray to go to heaven. I wish Frances  
to love God. He is my good sister." When  
asked if she wished to be restored  
to health, she replied, "No, I would see  
Jesus." And in quietness and peace  
she departed to be with the Lord. Now  
the constant affection which gave so  
much happiness to these little sisterly  
sisters is a good example to those who are  
blessed with the power of hearing and  
speech. Let all, therefore, who have  
brothers and sisters, perform their duty  
to them, and the God of love will bless  
them.

Should Frances be alive at present, I  
would like to be informed more about her  
if any of the readers of the Guide have  
been or are well acquainted with her.  
But I should think she is now the wife  
of one of them, who will, I hope, cheer-  
fully acknowledge who is he.

WM. WALLACE FARNUM.

Port Jervis, N. Y. March, 1861.

For the Guide.

## THOUGHTS ON READING.

To habituate ourselves to attentive  
application to reading, is of the utmost  
importance. It is true that it requires  
resolution and perseverance to acquire  
the habit, but when once formed, it is a  
powerful means of obtaining an immense  
amount of useful knowledge. A proper  
and judicious system of reading is of  
the most invaluable benefit, and one of  
the best aids in guarding against disap-  
pointment.

Two things are necessary in reading,  
namely, not to read too much, and to  
pay attention to the nature of what we do  
read. Many persons read books merely  
for the sake of consuming time. Others,  
with the desire to be made wiser, and  
when this object is not attained, they  
immediately yield to disappointment.  
This disappointment may be owing to  
their habit of reading too much, or of  
paying insufficient attention to every-  
thing which falls under their notice. Still  
another class are in the habit of making  
careful and attentive observation on ev-  
erything that meets them in their way,  
and of reflecting on what they have read;  
thus they become very rich in useful  
knowledge. It is very important to ap-  
propriate a certain portion of time to  
useful reading. It is easy for those who  
are pressed by cares to neglect this  
duty, and not without reason do they  
feel dullness of spirit result from this  
neglect. Those morbid feelings of  
which many complain may be ascribed  
to their not being interested in reading,  
or having no books to read. As an il-  
lustration of this, I will give a short  
story of a certain librarian who had an  
uncommon propensity for reading: A  
friend of his fearing that his fondness  
for books would eventually derange him,  
took possession of the library in spite of  
his entreaties, and refused him the priv-  
ilege of reading any book. After not  
having read any during the day, he  
complained of a headache. Fully con-  
vinced that this was caused by his be-  
ing deprived of the books, the friend  
gave up the key to him. No sooner  
had he got a book than he was cured.—  
This shows what a great comfort reading  
affords.

Many people resort to reading novels  
when in distress of mind. Could not a  
private intercourse with the Omnipres-  
ent Sympathizer, who alone can "turn  
sorrow into joy," cure these persons of  
the agony of mind of which they com-  
plain? Good novels, such as Miss  
Edgeworth's, Sir Walter Scott's, and

Cooper's, exert a healthy moral influence  
on the minds of young people. On the  
contrary, vulgar ones, tend to inflame  
the passions of youth, and give coloring  
to their thoughts and principles, which  
will actuate them in all future life. We  
need not fear to read those novels which  
men of fine taste and sense recommend.  
We agree with those who think that by  
reading novels deaf mutes become well  
acquainted with language. Some peo-  
ple complain that everything they read  
stimulates their imaginations and trains  
of thought, and thus their progress in  
the pursuit of solid knowledge is hin-  
dered. Yet on some accounts such  
readers are to be envied. They can  
bring everything which they acquire in-  
to immediate use. They can derive  
more intellectual profit from one hour's  
reading than others can from many days.  
Such readers are fluent writers, and  
very rich in imagination. It is unfortu-  
nate that those deaf-mutes who have  
prolific imaginations, find it difficult to  
translate their ideas into language with  
ease and elegance. To enlarge their  
command of language they must read  
much and with care. I only do myself  
justice when I think that a deaf mute  
can appreciate the beauty of poetry if he  
has a good command of the English lan-  
guage. The perusal of poetry will enrich  
and expand the mind of the deaf mute.  
By reading history he will become more  
intimate with the idioms of language,  
and a more perfect master of his mother  
tongue. The Bible is better than all  
other volumes in the world put together;  
for it is the only book which teaches us  
the road to heaven, and how to be happy  
both here and hereafter.

SPINOLA.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati daily  
paper gives the following account of an  
interesting feature of the flourishing  
church at Columbus, Ohio, of which the  
Rev. E. D. Morris is the pastor:

Yesterday, as usual, we went to church.  
We cast in our lot with the congregation  
which worships at the New School Pres-  
byterian church, on Third st. This con-  
gregation have erected, lately, a very  
large and costly church edifice, after the  
modern style. Their pastor, Rev. Mr.  
Morris, is a young man of talents and  
good address, and is very popular with  
his people. What most attracts the at-  
tention of a stranger visiting this church,  
is the admirable arrangement for the ac-  
commodation of the pupils of the Deaf  
and Dumb Asylum, who attend regular-  
ly. There is a gallery the whole length  
of the church, on either side, and a gal-  
lery for the choir over the entrance to  
the church, and directly in front of the  
pulpit. Dr. Stone, the superintendent  
of the asylum, takes his seat in the gal-  
lery with the choir, and the pupils take  
theirs in the side galleries. As soon as  
the minister commences the services, ev-  
ery eye in the side galleries—is turned  
upon Dr. Stone, who by signs translates  
every word into their language as it falls  
from the preacher's lips. Even the chap-  
ter, hymns, and notices are communicat-  
ed to these unfortunate mutes, so that  
they derive the same benefits from the  
religious exercises that the more fortun-  
ate part of the congregation do. We  
wish the thoughtless church-going young  
ladies and gentlemen of the State could  
see these mutes in church, and be taught  
good manners by their example. We  
never saw such profound attention, by  
the same number of persons, as was given  
by these mutes throughout the whole  
morning services. Every word as it was  
transferred to them by Dr. Stone, was  
eagerly caught up, and we have no doubt  
stored away by them.



# THE GALLAUDET GUIDE —AND— DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 1861.

## THE GREAT TOPIC.

"It is vain to extenuate the matter; the war is actually begun; an appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us."

Such were the words uttered by Patrick Henry nearly three generations ago, and they as well fit the present occasion, as that in reference to which they were uttered. "The war has actually begun," and it is vain to extenuate the matter. It is not our purpose to enter into a recapitulation of the past. "Ye know too well the story of our thralldom." For the present we will overlook it all—all but this one last act in the drama, the attack and capture of Fort Sumter by the rebel army of the South. Long ago they passed the point beyond which forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and "the last pound which broke the camel's back," has now been added.

The Government announced its intention of relieving a company of seventy men in one of its own forts by furnishing them with provisions, peaceably if it could, forcibly if it must. This was all the provocation, and upon it a cannonade and bombardment was opened upon Fort Sumter from seven batteries surrounding it on all sides, and its reduction accomplished after a siege of two days, the odds being twelve thousand against seventy men.

That was a proud day for South Carolina and the Confederate army, and they did not fail to make the most of their victory. Charleston and other Southern cities were illuminated, guns were fired in honor of the event, and the whole population ran wild with delight and enthusiasm. Uninterested lookers on could not see anything of consequence to brag about in the fact that a force numbering one hundred and seventy against one should be able to triumph.

"But people say  
It was a famous victory."

Rigors and fanatics never measure swords with equal foes; but first make sure that their numbers treble or quadruple those of their opponents, and then as all cowards do, gloat over the victory with fiendish malignity and delight. This truth was never exemplified in a greater degree than in the late recent occurrences at Charleston.

Regarding the capture of Anderson's command as an omen of good luck, Jeff Davis is already talking of marching to Washington, sending Old Abe away quicker than he came there, and thence marching on to Boston, and raising his rattlesnake flag over Faneuil Hall; while Toombs in an abortive attempt to be sarcastic, inquires "where are those eighteen millions you talked about so proudly?"

Some of them are already on the way Mr. Toombs, and with all deference to your courage, we are mistaken if you are not more than satisfied by the time you have seen eighteen thousand of them. We will soon send you along about seventy-five thousand as specimens, assuring you that if they are not sufficient, we have plenty more left of the same sort.

Floyd, Cobb & Co. reckoned without their host when they seized upon the arms and funds of the government, and turned them over into the hands of the rebels. They altogether misjudged the temper of our northern freemen.

The coffers of our Banks and Corporations and the purses of our private citizens, are more than sufficient to make good the defalcations of government traitors. Our Boston Banks have already tendered a loan of four millions to the government; and the banks all over the North are offering their loans by hundreds of thousands. Railroad Corporations freely tendered their services for the transportation of troops, millionaires pour out their cash in unstinted measure, and even the women are combining together and offering such services as they are able to render. Undoubtedly the South relied in a great measure upon the divided state of parties at the North, never once dreaming that they would amalgamate in one for the preservation of the Union.

They did not count upon the Breckinridge candidate for Governor in Massachusetts leading her own soldiers to battle in defence of the Union, and thought that Mayor Wood was going to turn New York right into their own hands, instead of issuing his proclamation against them. But their vaulting ambition has at last overleaped itself. For years the government has endured insult upon insult at their hands, such as no other government would have submitted to for an hour. They have been sowing the wind, and they are now about to reap the whirlwind. The fortunes of the day may go against us for awhile, but they will eventually result in our favor. Slavery is now heaving its last death throes. A government never yet existed on God's earth holding one class of men in peaceable subjection to another, and never will. Slavery and peace are contradictory terms, and wholly incompatible with each other. Our country has now for the eighty-five years of its existence been trying to maintain itself with the incubus of slavery hanging upon it. During the most of this time it has made out to stand tolerably erect. Of late years, however, especially during the last administration, the cancerous tumor had grown so large that it was crippled and compelled to stoop. The question now is, shall the disease remain to be the death of the Union, or shall it be eradicated that the Union may live. The question has already been decided; the sovereign people have themselves decided that liberty and union are to be "one and inseparable, now and forever."

The nineteenth of April has become twice memorable and hallowed in the annals of Massachusetts and our country, by the shedding of the first blood in mortal strife for the

preservation of our liberties and defence of our nation's flag. In each instance, and on the same day of the month, old Massachusetts' sons were first to respond to our country's call, and first to yield their lives in her defence.

## DEFEAT OF AN IMPORTANT MEASURE IN THE MASS. LEGISLATURE.

After years of honorable, manly and persistent efforts, the Deaf Mutes of Massachusetts succeeded at last in obtaining from the Committee on Education, to whom the subject had been committed, a favorable response to their petition for a Commission of inquiry into the expediency of educating Deaf Mute children within the Commonwealth.

The following is a copy of the Resolve reported:

"Resolved, that the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council be, and hereby is, authorized to appoint three commissioners, whose duty it shall be to inquire into the expediency of alteration in the means and method of furnishing instruction to deaf mutes of the State as now in use; also, to consider what is the best system of instruction of deaf mutes, and to report to the next legislature,—provided that no charge for services shall be made to the Commonwealth by said Commissioners."

It took its several readings in the Senate, and March 30th passed to be enacted. In the House, April 2d, the question of its engrossment coming up it was on motion of Mr. Tyler of Somerville, indefinitely postponed—in other words, it was killed.

While we regret this unexpected result it is but justice to the House to say that its heart was with the petitioners. Taking advantage of the absence of a large portion of the members to attend the funeral of the late Ex-Chief Justice Shaw, our opponents made the motion which settled its fate for the session. A reconsideration could not be had, as by the rules of the Body no matter could be reconsidered during the last week of its session. If there were exceptions to this rule, this did not come under the exception.

We regret—we lament the result. It was the very thing to put us in the way of success, and it was the height of cruelty to thus thwart us whilst on the very eve of carrying our point.

Let those who will, rejoice, but we, let us put on sackcloth and mourn that the dawn of better days for the mute child is by this cruel act delayed.

All eyes were on Massachusetts. The distant West will listen with sympathizing heart to the sighing winds, as over the tall grass of her boundless prairies is borne the tidings of our defeat. Ye Alleghenies who have been looking on with anxious eye for Massachusetts to take the lead, believe us that we had left nothing undone for the accomplishment of the end in view. Let the songs of the temple be turned into dirges, and ministers at their altars weep that man is so prone to thwart all good efforts. Let the prayer go up to the Most High that He will hasten the day when the mute child shall be put on a level with the ordinary child.

We have been ridiculed—we have been denounced—for what? For entertaining the honest conviction, and daring to assert it, that the mute children of Massachusetts could get a better education at home than they can now get at Hartford.

Let us not be disheartened. Is not defeat the harbinger of victory? Let past events rather stimulate us to greater exertions in the future—relax not till the day is ours. Let us even in our disadvantageous circumstances fight the opulent "Manufacture of Signs." Let us like David of old, be prepared to meet the Goliath. Fear not wealth or college learning, but stamp your foot firmly and say, thus "far but no farther," no more monopoly, no more living on our calamity. "We will demand of our State as a matter of right, an education at our father's door. We claim the rights of ordinary children, and will not be exiled."

The deaf mutes of Massachusetts are numerous enough to form a school by themselves, and they ought to have one equal at least, in all respects, to any in the world.

Let us have an experimental school, beginning, perhaps, with girls, and dispensing with the great outlay of money usually deemed necessary to create an institution.

All that is absolutely necessary is a building for school rooms.

There is no good and sufficient reason why deaf mute children should be cooped up together any more than ordinary

children, certainly none sufficient to counterbalance the great moral disadvantages arising from their being congregated closely together.

There is a great deal of prejudice about this matter, and the moral advantages arising from the intimate association of mutes with the hearing, would far outweigh the few material disadvantages.

The argument so much relied upon that the children would be exposed to danger in the streets while going to and from school, is of very little practical weight. They have got to frequent the streets after they grow up, and it is better they should be trained to it in youth. Besides, the argument goes too far, and supposes an infirmity of mutes as compared with other persons.

There would be great moral and intellectual advantages growing out of the adoption of this principle, that every possible discouragement should be placed in the way of mutes associating together, and every possible encouragement given to their association with the hearing.

And as a crowning feature to the whole, let there be a dispensation with the sign language, as far as can be done, and we shall then have in Massachusetts an escutcheon indeed comely to look upon.

## DEATH OF N. I. BOWDITCH.

We regret to be called upon to announce the death of one of Boston's most respected and worthy citizens. Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch, eldest son of the late distinguished Dr. Bowditch, died at his residence in Brookline on the evening of the 16th ult., at the age of fifty-six years.

Mr. Bowditch was born in 1805, and graduated at Harvard College in 1822. He studied law, and was admitted to practice at the Boston bar in 1825. For many years he enjoyed a large and lucrative practice, as a conveyancer and examiner of titles, and won the esteem of all with whom he had intercourse by the suavity of his manners, and his high hearted and generous character.

He married in 1835 the eldest daughter of the late Ebenezer Francis, and after the death of Mr. Francis, retired from practice, and took up his residence in Brookline. Scarcely had he become well settled in his new abode, with everything around him which could make life desirable, enjoying an ample fortune with which his own labors and the course of Providence had favored him, in the spirit of a genial intellectual and benevolent disposition, which knew how to call upon all around him and the whole community to participate in his blessings, than he was prostrated by a lingering and mortal disease.

Mr. Bowditch thus concludes his preface to the third edition of an elaborate work, "Suffolk Surnames," published by him in February, 1861:

"I will conclude with a few words of 'personal explanation.' I was born in 1805. Of a vigorous frame and active habits, I enjoyed, for fifty years, almost uninterrupted health. During the summer months I seldom omitted a daily swim in Charles river; and the coldest weather of winter rarely induced me to resort to an outside garment. In 1835, on a bridal tour, I visited Niagara, and swam across that river, below the Falls, on two successive days; and once, when the thermometer was at zero, the gentlemen who had gathered round the fire in an insurance office in Boston, proposed, as I entered the room, to subscribe to buy me an overcoat, because, as they said, it made them cold to look at me. At fifty, however, I ceased to be a young man; and my dress was no longer such as to exert a chilling influence over my friends. In February, 1859, I slipped upon the ice, but did not fall; and I supposed that I had escaped with merely a slight sprain, and the laugh of the bystanders. I had, however, injured the head of the thigh bone; and the result was a gradually increasing lameness. In June, I removed to my summer residence in Brookline. Here, in an apartment curtained by forest trees, I sat, day after day, week after week, a prisoner; my sole occupation being the collection and arrangement of the materials for the present edition, and the laborious preparation of the Index. On August 2, a visit was made by my attending surgeons. I arose to receive them, and in the effort to open the drawer of a small writing table, which was partly behind me, I pulled it out so that it fell upon the floor. From this slight cause, a severe fracture of the thigh occurred while I was standing up. I have been thenceforth condemned to a state of horizontal meditation, which must last as long as I live. Twice already have I seen the foliage of summer give place to the snows of winter. My misfortune has received every alleviation which science could suggest, or the kindness of family and friends bestow, but my bodily pain and weariness soon made some fixed employment almost indispensable. I accordingly commenced the printing of this work in the autumn of 1859; and it has enabled me to attain a state of cheerful discomfort."

We sent Mr. B. a copy of the Guide, and he playfully wrote under date of January 5: "An editor of a paper is generally a great man. He holds an office of much influence, like a minister in his pulpit. I did not know that you had got such a great dignity added to your duties at the Registry. Please consider me a subscriber to the Gallaudet Guide, with the \$1 enclosed in advance."

His disease took an unfavorable turn, and he has been wasting away since his last accident under the terrible incurable malady known as a

decay or caries of the bones, and for many months has only been able to be raised on his bed very slightly by the head, and latterly enduring intense suffering. During all this long and painful disease, with the certainty of his ultimate fate plainly before him, he has never been patient, uncomplaining and cheerful, interesting himself in the welfare of all his friends and acquaintances, as well as in all the events of life transpiring either in his own country or in other parts of the world.

It is rare that, under any circumstances, we find an active mind of strong intellectual power, meeting a painful and lingering death with so much of cheerful trust and blessed faith. Although he himself manifested no regret or repining, we cannot but mourn and drop a tear in regarding the death of one so worthy to enjoy a long life amid the blessings which surrounded him, yet taken away in the midst of his days, and when his life was just beginning to be most useful to himself and to the community.

The whole of our April number proved very successful. It attracted quite a number of visitors to the wharf, among whom was a distinguished Professor of one of our first colleges, accompanied by two of his pupils.

James Denison, Esq., of Washington, D. C., has had the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy conferred upon him by the Trustees of Columbia College.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.—The Bible has been translated into 148 dialects and languages; of which 121 have appeared subsequent to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and 25 of them existed only in an oral form without an alphabet. Upwards of 43 millions of these copies of the Bible are circulated now among not less than 600,000,000 of readers. Well may those who watch for the morning say, "What hath God wrought!"

In the County of Kent, Eng., it is a custom when a newly married couple leave the church to strew the pathway, not with flowers, but with emblems of the bridegroom's calling. Carpenters walk on shavings, butchers on skins of slaughtered sheep; the followers of St. Crispin are honored with leather parings, paper makers with slips of paper, blacksmiths with old iron, rusty nails, &c.

The following beautiful stanza was composed by Dr. E. W. H. Ellis, of Goshen, Indiana, at the request of one of the matrons of the Institution.

It will be remembered that Dr. Ellis was a delegate to the Peace Congress from Indiana. While on his way home he stopped at this Institution to see the lady at whose request the lines were composed.

Although being totally unacquainted with the sign language, he has produced in verse almost verbatim et literatim, the following prayer, offered by one of the girls here:

## EN AVANT.

At the Ohio D. & D. Institution, Mar. 9th 1861.

Silent they rang'd themselves around the hall,  
Matron, and child, and merry maidens all,  
While one selected from the happy throng,  
With mild, meek eyes, o'erhung by lashes long,  
Stood, with clasped hands, and face upturned to Heaven,

And spoke as one who hath her sins forgiven,  
No words dropped sweetly from her silent tongue,

No melting phrase throughout the chapel rung,  
But her soft fingers, eloquent though mute,  
Spoke accents gentle as the song of love,  
And thus, amid the holy silence there,  
The speechless maiden breathed her evening prayer.

"Father, holy, undefiled,  
Listen to thy humble child;  
Thou hast borne us thro' the day,  
Thou hast guided us away,  
Through the dark defiles of sin,  
Make us, Father, pure within;  
Thou, who sent thy blessed son  
To redeem a world undone,  
Who the sparrow mak'st thy care,  
Hear us, Father, hear our prayer!"

We, thy children, helpless, weak,  
Would thy kind protection seek.  
We, who never yet have heard  
Voice of mother, song of bird,  
Music's sweet, enchanting thrill,  
Or the breeze on yonder hill,  
Yet we praise Thee, God in Heaven,  
Who hath not all our senses given,  
For the blessings of the day,  
For the friends who cheer our way,  
For the soft, still hours of night,  
For the gush of morning light,  
For the much thy hand hath given,  
For the bright, rich hopes of Heaven.

Oh! the thoughts—transporting thought!  
How it cheers our darksome lot!  
When the scenes of earth are done,  
When we gather round thy throne,  
When these fetters all remove,  
Through the power of thy love,  
The first sound our ears rejoice  
Shall be the music of thy voice,  
And our tongues, at length set free,  
Shall burst forth in songs to Thee!

Father, keep us safe this night,  
Till the morning brings its light;  
Gather us all here again,  
And thine the praise shall be—AMEN!

And that sweet prayer, so full of truth and love,

Wafted by spirit messengers above,  
Shall be re-echoed round His holy throne,  
Who heareth prayers from the heart, alone,  
When trumpet sounds shall die along the plain,  
And whiten'd sepulchres shall yawn in vain.

Columbus, O., Mar. 1861.

For the Guide.

## THE TATTILER.

LETTER XIV.  
MR. EDITOR:—Events are crowding on us. Most of them, however, are not decisive. The most decisive event was the fall of Gaeta, after a long and vigorous defence by the ex-king of Naples. With her citadel and fortifications, about ten thousand prisoners were taken by the victorious Sardinians. The ex-king and his family went to Rome; and there they took their quarters at a palace belonging, I believe, to the Papal Government. It is reported that they intend residing permanently in Bavaria. The citadel at Messina (Sicily) has been surrendered to the Sardinians.

By a law just passed by the Sardinian Parliament, Victor Emmanuel has become king of Italy—the whole peninsula with the exception of Rome and Venetia, which will, doubtless, come within his jurisdiction before long. Except Austria and Spain, all the Powers seem to acquiesce in his rightful claim to that honor.

The quarrel between the Pope and the French Emperor is culminating to a point that leads us to a belief that the Emperor will be constrained to withdraw his garrison from Rome, leaving the old, stubborn pontiff to the tender mercies of Victor Emmanuel. Austria has threatened with ridiculous pomposity to send her troops thither for the preservation of the Pope's temporal authority, in case the French are withdrawn. Under Garibaldi—a warrior of such prowess—the Italians, even one against five, will be able to whip the Austrians out of Italy if they come over to Rome.

At present Victor Emmanuel keeps Garibaldi quiet at Caprera, but it appears he will in the course of this Spring be let loose on the Austrians, who will be much pleased to see his red shirt and felt hat.

To our great astonishment Spain has pounced on St. Domingo, and is going, it is reported, to repeat this thing on Hayti and Mexico. She is indeed taking advantage of the unfortunate condition of our country, to recover her lost American provinces. Our President has given instructions to his new Minister to the Court of Madrid, with reference to that which her Government has done.

According to the statement of a correspondent of the New York Times, a considerable fleet of English and French ships of war is about to be dispatched to the Gulf of Mexico. For what? We are yet in the dark, but will soon know its object.

Our political affairs are more and more complicated. Indeed nobody, even the greatest statesman in this country himself, can say what will come in the end. President Lincoln—a man of pure patriotism as well as of much energy in doing what is his duty—has entered upon his responsible duties at so inauspicious a season. Buchanan left to him our country in a most deplorable state of disintegration, with her treasury wilfully drained of its contents by certain members of the preceding Cabinet, and her commerce quite paralyzed by the mad pranks of our Southern Den Quixotes.

Fortunately for the country, Lincoln has secured the valuable services of Seward, without whom we—more especially the Southern Union men—cannot hope for any good done to the land. As he supports the peace policy, it is of momentous importance that our President should not reject his counsels as to what ought to be done in the seceding States. Surely Seward does not mean to accede to the absurd demands of the secessionists, but it is his special object to make, without compromising his principles, reasonable concessions to Southerners still clinging to the Union.

In granting concessions, as to the evacuation of Forts Sumter, Pickens, and others, the Executive feel it their duty to consult Gen. Scott and other officers of mature experience, on the necessity of such a course as seems liable to indicate their weakness or timidity. This matter is undoubtedly the most knotty of all which are on their hands.

For one, I would like to see Fort Sumter evacuated, for it would be far better for Major Anderson and his brave men to die by the hands of foreign enemies than by American rebels.

Reckless secessionists have ruined Texas. Gen. Twiggs betrayed his trust to them. Encouraged by those acts of folly, the Camanches (Indians) have just re-appeared in war paint in the western part of that doomed State, and are now dancing round burning houses and around scalp-posts. Of those atrocities, though perpetrated by the savages, the secession leaders will give an account—by no means short—at the judgment day.

Speaking of secession *per se*, is the secession of any States unconstitutional? The tenth section of the first Article of the Constitution affirms it. And, since the secession of the seven States is unconstitutional, are the seizure of our forts, &c., and the arming of the would-be-secessionists, to levy war against the United States, reasonable? The third section of the third Article affirms it. Their secession is, as it has often been asserted, attributed to the tyranny of the Federal Government. I would like to know in what manner the Government oppressed the South, since we all know it has been in her hands for more than sixty years. Did they not secede from the Union during Buchanan's administration? And did his Southern Secretaries, furthering their ends look anything like tyranny? We would have good reasons to smile derisively if they ascribe it to the anticipated tyranny of the present administration, for, in fact, their scheme of disunion had been in the work of maturity for thirty years. Lincoln split rails in the Far West when this grand scheme was conceived. They will know that the constitution does not even for a moment allow Lincoln, a Republican as he is, to exceed his powers. Inasmuch as their secession is unconstitutional, and as their arming themselves with the purpose of fighting against the United States is treasonable, the President's duty is to obey the laws of

his country, hence his collection of revenues in the seceding States is not coercive. Yet he is patient and forbearing—ever desirous of re-establishing peace through the land. But he means to preserve the dignity of the United States, even though war is necessary.

The wrongs, which the Border States have suffered far greater than the Gulf States, came certainly not from the Federal Government, but from Northern abolitionists.—See how loyal the suffering Border States are to the Union!

Since writing the above, the news from Charleston, though anticipated, came in appalling words: Civil war has at last begun! The Southern Confederacy—let it be recorded in history—has opened it: and that in a hot hurry—evidently in fear of the expected appearance of small boats laden with supplies for Fort Sumter.

The accounts say that soon after Major Anderson's reply to Gen. Beauregard of the Charleston army was received, in the following words which reflect much credit on his loyalty to the Union: "I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication demanding the evacuation of this fort, and to say in reply thereto, that it is a demand with which I regret that my sense of Honor and my obligation to my Government will prevent my compliance." Fort Moultrie prevented the war yesterday morning at four o'clock, by firing two guns at Fort Sumter; and Major Anderson returned the fire. And several batteries opened their fire on him. The fight continued through the day and night yesterday, and is still going on to-day. The latest accounts say that Anderson has surrendered.

As the telegraphic wires are under the control of the secessionists, all the telegrams can hardly be credited as to their correctness; but it appears certain that Fort Sumter is fallen.

I am obliged, Mr. Editor, to mail this letter immediately—without waiting for complete accounts.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

New York, April 13, 1861.

P. S.—Our friends will be gratified to learn that our friend, Mr. D. Webster Phelps, of Vermont, has been appointed clerk in the Census Bureau at Washington city. No doubt he will prove a most agreeable companion for Mr. J. W. Compton, a clerk of twenty years standing in the Post Office Department. They both are mutes. Mr. P. has been for many years a very efficient clerk in the Records' office at Chicago.

R. P.

A. SMITH, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Very few writers, scarcely any at all, escape, altogether, making errors of grammar or of rhetoric. In my reply therefore to R. P. (CARLIN, I presume) there were errors of style, such as putting the singular "is," for the plural; and "are" for the singular, in at least one instance each. Owing to being nursed by ungrammatical persons, and having illiterate mothers, and moving in society where grammar is always butchered, it is difficult for any one to present a paper, unspiced, in a correct style. Here, in the South, it is almost insurmountable; yet I would say, that were I to revise and copy, such errors or oversights would have never occurred. The servants of the South with whom we confer so much, all use ungrammatical expressions. They say "you is," "they was," etc., and force of habit renders us almost *secundum artem*. At the North, in England, and amid refined culture, where the language is grammatically inculcated with the first accents of the young, there, only, is it spoken and written with purity.

But there is always some defection from the purity of grammar, as well as the belles lettres, more or less, in even the ablest authors. None seem altogether free from some defect. The prevailing error is the habit of saying "if it is," "supposing it was," which I consider erroneous.

The particle "is," implies a positivity, and is not like "be," suppositious. To say "if," denotes a questionable point, and invariably after "if," the verb "be" ought to be written, or spoken. "If he be," not "if he is." Still your brightest authors in Boston, habitually fall into this error. So, continually, do all the South. Witness the work on "God Revealed in Creation and in Christ," issued by Messrs Gould & Lincoln, written by Mr. Walker, and intended and considered for beauty and polish of style, to be one of the highest order of the belles lettres, or rhetoric, and grammar. Yet he writes frequently if it is, or this like, or on the supposition of matters, say "is."

I hope R. P. have not turned aside from the argument to sneer at my occasional defection from grammar!

The totally deaf mute has the advantage of the hearing and the semi-mutes in this, that, though they be less racy, they never hear or know the ungrammatical floating about. And consequently, as ready writers are subject to fewer inaccuracies than any other persons.

Truly and respectfully yours,

J. J. FLOURNOY.

Athens, Feb., 1861.

GRANT THORNBURN writes to the New York Observer:

"This day I enter on my eighty-ninth year. Mine eyes, ears and limbs fail, otherwise my health is good. I eat, sleep, and saw stove wood, as comfortably as I did twenty years ago. I am asked how I have lived. I answer 'I never was drunk in my life; I never eat enough since 1798: I have worn white flannel next my skin from my neck to my ankle, summer and winter. Hence, I never felt a rheumatic pain, nor headache; I have felt the toothache, and some twinges of the heart among the bonnie Yankee lassies, to remind that I was yet in the body.'"



## For the Guide.

## "AN EVERY-DAY FACT."

Jane Eyre is a sensible novel. It teaches what every-day life demonstrates to be a fact—that plain people of either sex inspire as ardent and sincere attachments, as those who are gifted with external charms.

Beauty is a gift, liable to be taken away at any moment by accident or sickness, and the victim of time before which the blooming cheeks turn pale, and the sparkling eye dismiss its lustre, while wrinkles and gray hairs come unbidden, to scatter their defacing marks over the polished brow and mingle among the auburn tresses.

To be sure poets and novelists exhaust their powers of imagination, language and description, in making up their beautiful heroines, but the world would lack that variety which is the spice of life were all people beautiful—besides it requires the contrast of plainness to set off beauty.

The lover knows his lady is not beautiful, her hair may be red, her eyes green and her form bear no proportion to the Classic Contour of the Venus de Medici, yet in his eyes she possesses a fascination far more bewitching than the beauty of any woman he ever saw.

The sympathy of a mutual affection, congeniality of mind and similarity of taste, forms the strongest and most permanent bond of union between friend and friend.

Those we love will ever seem beautiful in our eyes.

LIZZIE.

Am. Asylum, Hartford,  
March 25, 1861.

AMOS SMITH JR.—Dear Sir:—In an editorial in the March number of the Guide occurred the following passage: "We have lately received a number of notices to discontinue the Guide—all, or nearly all, from one locality! We know not their reasons; they may be various, but we suspect not. One thing is certain—they are not economical ones."

It is evident that the American Asylum is the "locality" alluded to; and in what follows, insinuations are made that those in authority there used their influence among the pupils to induce them to discontinue their subscriptions. Now I will say, that not one of the teachers or officers of the Asylum ever, as far as I am aware, either directly or indirectly influenced the action of any pupil with reference to this matter. On the contrary, we were publicly informed by the Principal that those who desired to renew their subscriptions were perfectly at liberty to do so, and the bundle of specimen numbers, received in January, were distributed as usual. Whatever influence I may have had among my fellow pupils was used, without stint, in opposition to the renewal of their subscriptions, and in so using it, I feel perfectly justified; for, although I heartily approve of the project of having another Institution in Massachusetts, I do not think that the best way to succeed in the undertaking, is by defaming the character of "Old Hartford," and throwing mud at those who would defend her. During my residence within her walls, I have learned to love and honor her, and to regard her as truly an "Alma Mater," not only to myself, but to all others who are, or may have been, her children, and it grieves me sorely to see how selfish and ungrateful many of them have become.

Respectfully and truly yours,  
GEO. WING.

KILLED TWICE.—An Ohio paper states that "A deaf man named Taft was run down by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday morning last, half a mile north on the Greenwich station, near Cleveland." But what is most remarkable, our cotemporary adds that "He was injured in a similar way about a year ago!"

The fact is that this man whose name we believe is wrongly stated—Phinney, being the name, was on the first occasion alluded to, simply knocked off the track and crippled for life. It is to be regretted, that it was not a sufficient warning to avoid the track, for all future time.

London has 2,362,000 inhabitants. The population of Pekin is doubtful: it is estimated at 1,500,000. But if we count the people who live on boats near the city, we must call Pekin the largest populated city in the world.

## For the Guide.

## THE MUTE AND HIS CAT.

A TRUE LEGEND.  
BY RAPHAEL PALETTE.

Lived in a town a man and mate,  
Both sadly deaf and dumb,  
And they had a love of a chubby brat,  
Who in innocence to their ears did prate;  
And they, too, were blest with as fine a cat  
As e'er watched a hole for an errant rat,  
Or stalk'd with a tail as a poplar-tree straight:

'Twas a household free of gloom—  
Oh, how happy were the Mute,  
Wife and babe, and e'en the brute!

Now 'twas Christmas eve night,  
And the moon full and bright,  
And all hearts throbb'd joyous and light,  
Whilst on tip toe aigh  
Fond expectancy  
Confidingly stood  
For the morrow's good.

Keenly glow'd the night, as we'd know  
The mercury fell far below—  
'Twas in fact five and twenty degrees  
Under zero, which surely would freeze  
Our red blood, everything, e'en the sea:  
Fondly gazed Mute and wife at the turkey fat,  
And gaze at the savoury fowl did the cat;  
And to bed Mute, wife, baby, retired,  
And the cat by the stove lay quite tired.

Jubilant struck the midnight hour,  
For Merry Christmas 'twas once more;  
Away the fire died in the stove,  
And nearer poor Grimaldine clove  
To the iron sides which slowly grew  
Colder and colder, shivering blue  
With fell despair, he rashly stepped  
Into the oven, and gladly leaped  
His heart on finding there some heat;  
And there, unconscious of his fate,  
Serenely slept he all night long,  
Dreaming of dainty mice along.

Up jumped the good man, though 'twas hardly IV—  
Perhaps one might think 'twas too early an hour,  
More especially when Old King Frost's freezing pow'r  
Relentless prevail'd through the air all o'er—  
Nay, he rose with a will—found on chemise he went—  
To the stove he walk'd—with a slap violent

He the oven door shut!  
The good man and his wife, as I've said,  
Were sadly deaf and dumb—  
Oh! their tongues were hopelessly mute,  
And their ears could like him in his tomb;

Numb'd with cold he a fire quickly made,  
And, legs shivering, a kettle he laid,  
And like lightning he jump'd in his bed.  
On a sudden the child  
Wrung with paroxysm wild;  
The more Ma pacified,  
The more Babe kicked and cried;

Up Pa bolted—look up Babe, and tapped her  
On the shoulder, and wrathfully slapped her;  
Said Mother in signs—'tis catarrh,  
To be sure, my poor babe—Vinegar—  
She is teething, suggested he;  
She is writhing, protested she;  
Perhaps a mere wind—  
Not rightly assigned,  
I'm sure 'tis catarrh—  
Well, ye want Vinegar?

Babe meanwhile subsided and slept again,  
And under warm sheets they crept again.  
As elapsed a brief hour—alas! a sad hour,  
Softly stole the mute couple out of their bow'r;  
And viewing with pleasure itching,  
In the vision, no doubt bewitching,  
The feast which they had to pitch in,  
They quickly descended to the kitchen—  
Both they paused at the threshold, and glanced about  
Peep'd their noses here and there—found the mystery out.

The man snuffed profusely burnt meat,  
His wife huffed at the deuce of a rate,  
And both coughed, 'most induced to repeat—  
He the oven-door opened, and came such a whiff  
Of horrid blue smoke which they could hardly sniff;  
And the matter was drawn; long they gazed thereat—  
'Twas the charred remains of their beautiful cat.

AN UNFORTUNATE HOMICIDE.—An unfortunate homicide was committed a few nights since in Baltimore county.

The facts are as follows: About midnight on Thursday last, a man named J. R. Green, living some twelve miles out on the Reisterstown turnpike, was awakened by a noise as if some one was attempting to force the door of the house. He arose from his bed, and, upon going down stairs and opening the door, found a man, who attempted to come in. The intruder was warned off, but paid no attention to the warning; when Mr. G., supposing the man to be a burglar, fired a gun full at him, lodging the whole contents in his stomach, tearing a terrible hole in his body, from which wound the man died, without a groan. Mr. Green surrendered himself, and was held to bail to await an investigation. From all that can be learned of the deceased, it appears his name was Francis B. Bear. He was a German, being both deaf and dumb, and lately from Philadelphia, where he had worked at shoemaking. It is supposed that his motives were harmless, and that his object was simply to obtain a night's lodging; and not perceiving the prime of the gun, nor hearing the voice of warning, pushed himself unwittingly upon death. Mr. Green regrets it more than any one else, yet his conduct, under the circumstances, cannot be blamed.

No less than sixteen hundred steamboats run upon the Mississippi river and its tributaries. The total value of these is estimated at \$60,000,000. The Mississippi drains an area of one million two hundred thousand square miles, washes the shores of twelve states, and from the Gulf of Florida to the source of the Missouri it is four thousand five hundred miles in length, its average depth fifty feet, and its width over half a mile.

The value of insured real estate in London amounts to \$290,000,000, which probably does not comprise one half of it.

Fort Adams, in Newport harbor, is said to be the largest and most formidable fortress in the country. It cost about five million dollars.

Mr. Editor—The following touching piece of original poetry was found in the desk of the late Rev. J. D. Tyler, Principal of the Virginia Institution, after his death, which took place in this city, Jan. 29th 1852.

If you think it worthy of a place in the Guide, please insert.

JOHN TURNER.

"Mourn for the mourner and not for the dead, for they are at rest and we in tears."

HINDOO LAMENT.

Weep no the dead! his troubles o'er,  
His sorrows gone;  
He treads the weary world no more,  
Life's race is run!

Weep not the dead! no aching breast,  
Is laid beneath,  
An earth-worm mortal takes his rest—  
Repose in death.

Weep not the dead! the tears that flow,  
From weary eyes,  
No more shall wring the heart that now  
Beneath us lies!

Weep for the step that thither strays  
To linger near;  
To shed o'er loved of other days,  
The bitter tear.

Weep for the stricken mourners, weep,  
Who hither come  
To sigh, and crave that long, last sleep,  
That envious home.

Staunton, Va., April 15, 1861.

## OBITUARY.

Sarah T. Barnum, wife of Norval D. Barnum, of Erie, Illinois, and daughter of Charles and Mary D. Edwards, departed this life at her father's residence in Marshall Co., on the 8th day of August, 1860, aged 24 years and 7 months.

Not knowing her early history we leave it, written as it is, on the hearts of her many friends. Suffice to say she graduated at the Illinois Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb in 1855, was married February, 1858. She was an exemplary member of the M. E. Church, and in dying expressed her strong faith, saying, "I believe in God through the Lord Jesus Christ." Her funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Prosser, and beautifully did he illustrate the text, "He being dead yet speaketh." Heb. xi. 4. The following lines are inscribed to her bereaved husband and relatives:

Why should we mourn our darling one,  
Or shed a useless tear,  
She has a joyous life begun,  
Why should we wish her here?

Here in this world of grief and pain  
There dwelt no pleasant sound;  
While on her tongue was forged a chain,  
Which ne'er could be unbound.

But now in worlds of living light  
She hears the rapturous hymns,  
Her tongue set free, with all its might  
Each heavenly chorus sings.

The last dread pang with her is o'er,  
And mourning days are past,  
And parting scenes will come no more,  
For she's in heaven at last.

Erie, Ill. W.

In Portsmouth, Virginia, on Sunday, March 24th, 1861, at one o'clock, P. M., after a few days' illness, Nathaniel Hogard Wilson, Esq., a Deaf Mute, in the 47th year of his age.

The mental and moral susceptibilities of the deceased were unimpaired by his affliction. Having received a good education at the New York Institution for the deaf and dumb, he was rendered an agreeable companion, and his social qualities endeared him to his friends. His regular attendance on and interest in devotional services evinced a sense of dependence and faith in Him, who taketh away the sins of the world.

From the Salem Register.

## STAND BY THE FLAG.

Aye, fling our glorious banner out,  
Betwixt the earth and sky:  
Through the dread storm, which o'er us sweeps,  
Still let it wave on high!  
Till stripe from stripe shall fall away,  
And star from star shall part,  
We'll stand beneath its cherished folds,  
United, hand and heart.

Let us all perish in the fight,  
Or ere arrives the day  
When freedom's sons, from out its blue,  
Shall blot one star away.  
To keep them there, and make them more,  
We will our hearts' blood give;  
But to behold their number less,  
Oh! who would wish to live?

OUTRAGE.—Augustus Taft, an old bachelor in Deerfield, has been committed to Jail to await trial for a felonious assault upon Mrs. Dolly Kelly, a deaf and dumb woman.

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.—Some miscreant tore out the title page of the elegant Bible presented to the Christian Union, by the Mass. Bible Society. No act can be meaner than this.

HOW HAVE THE MIGHTY FALLEN.—The Vice President of the United States, the late Postmaster General, the present Secretary of the Interior, and the Secretary of War were all printers.

## How I fell in Love, and how I fell Out.

BY HARRY CLARK.

I fell in when I was passing a summer at Saratoga. She, the woman I adored, I mean, was fair enough to plead my excuse for the south. She had soft, fair hair, which she wore in the most glossy of braids, wound round a small, exquisitely shaped head; she had large, black eyes, making a most bewitching contrast to the light hair; and a clear, pale complexion, white as snow; black eyebrows and lashes completed the piquant contrast. She was neither tall nor petite, just about the size that is the most tempting for the caresses of a tall man. Just tall enough for the head to lie comfortably against my shirt front, and the lips to be within kissable distance by a slight bend of my head.

Mr. Graham, allow me to introduce you to my cousin, who joined our party this morning.

"Thank you for the offer." And I bent my arm to accommodate the tiny hand of a saucy little brunette, with whom I had been carrying on a desperate flirtation for three weeks.

"What is her name, Miss Stanley?" I inquired.

"Elizabeth Stanley; but as she is fair and slender, we call her Lily."

Lily Stanley! it was a name to fall in love with. I only took one look, and my heart was gone. I distinctly felt the void left when it sprang from under my vest, into Miss Stanley's possession. I don't know what she wore, but her fair face and slender throat rose above clouds of soft white lace. There were pearls here and there; and, altogether, if I had insanely fallen at her feet, I should have only acted out my sensations. It broke in upon this dream to hear my first flame, Miss Kate Stanley, say,

"The Redoubt. I am engaged to Capt. Hawley, and here he comes."

Did I ask her to dance? I am sure I don't know. I recollect only, that five minutes later, we were gliding lazily through a slow, dreamy Redoubt, and I held a tiny white-gloved hand in mine, and found my idol was not the spiritual form she looked, by clasping my arm round a substantial waist; a slender, graceful waist, but still made of flesh and blood, likewise silk, whalebone, and lace.

I was to have gone home the next day; but I could not do it. Leave Saratoga! Leave the Paradise that contained my angel. I could not endure the idea. My partner wrote the most appealing letter, threatening bankruptcy, ruin, all sorts of horrors, if I did not appear immediately in the counting-house; but I wrote bravely back that ruin was heaven compared to absence from her, and there I stopped, because the carriage waited for me to take my angel to ride.

Dick pondered over the blank, but concluded I must be engaged in some speculation, and wrote warning letters accordingly.

Pink silk and roses, blue silk and forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley in white bouquets, and other attractions too numerous to mention, succeeded the white lace; and as my senses came slowly back to me, and I had eyes for details, I was charmed by the neatness of every dress, from the glossy braids to the tiny slipper. The silks were deliciously fresh; the lace always snowy white; the skirts and stockings, sometimes displayed by the raising of a dress, were always so pure, so fine, and smooth, that every day found me more deeply in love.

Parting time came at last. Miss Stanley went to visit her aunt in Boston—I found out that we both lived in Philadelphia—and I returned to the counting-house and my disconsolate partner.

A month of separation fanned the flame the month of intercourse had lighted in my heart. The fair face was in all my dreams—now with drooping lilies falling from the soft braids, now set in the fine lace of the most bewitching blue bonnet, now wreathed with pale pink rose buds, now under the shadow of the drooping white plumes of her riding-hat.

Walking down Walnut street, one lovely September morning, I saw a lady stepping into the cars. One glance at the neatly-gloved hand sent the blood to my heart; the little gaiter made it give a sudden bound; and then a fair face made it palpitate till I nearly choked.

She was at home. I should have again the soft, low voice, whose every modulation told of her angelic temper. I should see the sweet smile that always greeted me, and again be in Elysium. Ah, me!

I could not recall until the following morning, when I left Dick gnawing over neglected Western customers and went home, donned my white suit of linen, with a narrow black necktie, smoothed my finest shirt front over my broad chest, drew on my most intense pair of pale buff kids, set a becoming straw hat over nicely arranged curls, and sallied forth.

I ran lightly up the steps of 1617—street and rang the bell, gave my card to the girl who opened the door, and went into the parlor. It was in that semi-dark state fashionable in the warm months, and, coming in from the glaring sunlight, I could at first see nothing. I groped my way to a seat.

"I say I won't!" A shrill harsh voice in the next room gave forth this sentence with an angry vehemence that startled me.

A low, sweet voice answered,  
'Lily, my dear!'

'Your dear! I don't want to be coaxed,' answered the first voice. 'I will go, and there's the end of it.'

'But you have been away all summer, and Jennie has not left home at all.'

'Jennie! What does a great, ugly, red-faced thing like her want at a watering-place?'

'She is your sister.'

'Well, let her wait till I'm married, and then she can rule here. I have set my heart on going to Aunt Nell's and I'm going.'

The folding-doors were thrown violently back, and I saw into the next room.

Upon the sofa lay a pale, delicate-looking lady, evidently an invalid. Near her stood a tall, rather ugly girl, with a high collar, probably 'Jennie'; but the most prominent figure stood in the opening she had made by throwing back the doors. A faded calico wrapper, torn under both arms, fell in uneven folds to the floor, a rent here and there making an ungraceful festoon; the pretty feet were thrust into old slippers; and the stockings were—well, the word will out—they were dirty; dirty stockings on a lady—laugh! The light hair I had so much admired was gone, except a little knot at the back of her head, which was tumbled and had a dead, dry look; the glossy braids probably reposed upon her dressing-glass. She did not see me, as I sat in a dark corner, and, crossing the room, she hit her foot on a stool.

'Confound the thing!' was her lady-like exclamation; and a vicious kick sent the stool spinning across the floor.

I rose. 'Good-morning, Miss Stanley.'

A scream, a dash for the door, darkness came again over the parlor, and I was alone.

I fell out of love as rapidly as I had fallen into it, and took my white suit and blasted hopes out of the front door.

Dick is delighted, says I am as thorough a business man as himself, and I have almost resolved to retain him as my only partner through life.—*Peterson's Mag.*

Australia is the largest island in the world; it contains 3,120,000 square miles.

## SEASONABLE HINTS ABOUT PERSONAL COMFORT.

A thin shawl may be made warm by folding a newspaper inside of it. The paper is impervious to the wind and cold air from the outside, and prevents the rapid escape of the warm air beneath it. Every one knows that the heat of the body is carried off much more rapidly in a high wind than in a calm. The wind blows away the heat evolved from the body, but in a perfectly still air this heat remains, and constitutes an atmospheric envelope so nearly of the same temperature with the body itself that the latter is not so quickly robbed of the natural heat.

A piece of silk oilcloth stitched in the folds of a shawl, is more flexible than the paper, and will last a whole winter. It has the advantage of securing inward warmth without the additional weight of a thicker garment.

When you set out on a winter journey, if you are liable to suffer from cold toes, which many people do in spite of "rubbers," fold a piece of newspaper over your stockings, which you can readily do, if your boots or shoes are not irritatingly tight. This is better than "rubbers," which are, in fact, very cold comforters in extreme, while they make the feet sweat in moderate weather. The main use of India rubber overshoes is to keep out water, and for that they are second only to a stout, water-proof, first-rate calf-skin boot. There is not a more villainously unwholesome article of wear made than the high-topped rubber boot. It makes the foot tender, especially in children, gives an ugly gait, and when left off in any weather, the wearer is liable to "catch cold." Saint Crispin is the best friend of the human feet, when his leather and stitches are honest.

The constitutional vivacity and temper of a person has much to do with his endurance of cold. For this vivacity is a sort of nervous fire that lessens the sensibility to outward impressions. An indifferent, milk-and-water person, without energy and force, is at the mercy of every cold blast that sweeps round the corner. He, and especially she, has no defence but to wear a dozen shawls during the day, and sleep under a bale of blankets at night. One without any mental purpose (unfortunately there are such), though in vigorous health, is much more liable to catch cold than a spirited, delicate body bent on some positive pursuit.—*The Century.*

CURIOUS OLD DOCUMENT.—The following singular and very ancient document is extracted from a book of Norfolk Records now in Salem. It records the exchange, over two hundred years ago, of an Indian for a quarter of a vessel, and it is noticeable that the slave-Indian himself signs or "manifests his consent" to the sale:

In consideration of ye order vessel yt I ye sd. George Carr have made over unto William Hilton as is in writing expressed: I ye said Wm Hilton have delivered unto ye sd. George Carr James my Indian, and all ye interest I have in him, to him or to his assigns for ever & I ye said William Hilton do bind myself, heirs & assigns to George Carr and his assigns to make good ye sale of James the Indian wch I have sold unto ye said George Carr his heirs and assigns to be ye sd. George Carr Carr's servant forever or to whom ye said George Carr shall assign, witness this 29: December 1649. WILLIAM HILTON, Signed & delivered James, ye Indian, in ye presence of his X marks ABRAHAM TAPPAN doth manifest his consent. JOHN BONDE EDMOND GREENLEIF

Abraham Tappan and John Bonde made oath that they did see this writing signed and delivered. Sworn by ye sd. Tappan & Bonde ye 24: of ye 10th mo. 1670 before me ROBERT PIKE, Commiss'r.

Ent. ye 24: 10: mo. 1670.

Moving.—What a dislocation of comfort is implied in that word moving! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging boxes, worn out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind, if it was to save your soul; they'd keep the cart ten minutes, to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. —[Charles Lamb.

## EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE.

Buffalo, N. Y., 17th. There was a large Union meeting here last night, which was addressed by Ex-President Fillmore, who after thanking his fellow-citizens in the chair, said:

This is no time now for any man to shrink from the responsibility that events have cast upon him. We have reached a crisis and no man has a right to stand neutral. Civil war has been inaugurated and we must meet it.

The government calls for aid and we must give it. Our institutions are in danger and we must defend them. It is no time now to inquire by whose fault or folly this state of things has been produced; let every man therefore stand to his post, and like the Roman soldier at the gate of Pompeii, let posterity when the storm is over find our skeleton and armor on the spot where duty required us to stand. My love of country embraces the whole Union. I know no North nor South. I think our Southern brethren have made a great mistake in arraying themselves against the government, for fear it will be improperly administered. If they commence an aggressive warfare, we have no alternative but to rally around the constitutional authorities and defend the government. No language can express my admiration of the whole-souled patriotism displayed by the Union men of the border States. They stand like a rock in the midst of the ocean against which the surges of secession will beat in vain.

The following from the Irish Pictorial, the organ of the adopted citizens of the Irish race in this city, shows that they are not behind their brothers in New York in devotion to the country of their adoption. Such demonstrations from this quarter stamp as a base libel the assertion that Irish regiments have been tendered to the secessionists from the North: To Arms! To Arms!! Such should now be the cry of every loyal citizen, until the blood shed at Charleston is atoned for by the most signal punishment of the traitors who would destroy the only free government on earth, and reduce our hitherto powerful and prosperous country to a worse condition than the petty States of Mexico.

## BEDS AND BEDROOMS.

In our present highly civilized state, we spend so large a portion of our time in bed (about one-third), even when in health, that it is of great importance for us to understand what is the best form, and material, and condition, of this place of repose. For healthy persons, it is inadvisable to burn a fire or gaslight during the night: the former, while it burns briskly, promotes ventilation, by causing a current up the chimney; but very commonly, towards morning, it sinks low, and has not sufficient power to cause a draught, and is only a consumer of oxygen and a liberator of carbonic acid; such also is the gas-burner, unless there be a tube over it running into the chimney, and carrying off the noxious fumes. Most persons experience a sense of insecurity when they retire to rest with the bedroom door open, yet this is the safest condition in which to sleep as far as the health is concerned; the air is then constantly undergoing a change, and does not become vitiated, as in a confined space, where one or more persons, by breathing, are abstracting its vital principle. A light chain-bolt will answer the purpose of security, and enable the door to be kept ajar; or if this is objected to, the upper panels may have perforated zinc plates let into them or some other contrivance, by which open spaces can be left; this is sometimes done with bedroom windows, and it may be so managed, that the opening can be closed at pleasure. For the rest, have as few obstructions to the free passage of air as may be. Bedrooms are far too much encumbered by bed and window curtains, and other drapery; if people knew the inestimable value of a pure and frequently changed atmosphere, they would not wrap and inclose themselves as they do, shutting out their best friend, oxygen, and in their deadliest enemy, carbonic acid. Always let beds be stripped directly they are vacated, and the clothes thrown right off; unhealthy excretions are given off by all animal bodies in a heated state, and these must be dissipated as soon as possible, therefore open the window, and let the fresh breeze sweep through the room. Remove slops and dirty linen the first opportunity, and sweep out frequently, scattering tea-leaves to keep the dust from flying; do not wet the floor in damp weather, but when it is fine and dry, this should occasionally be done, early in the morning, that it may be perfectly dry by night.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

AMUSEMENTS.—The natural and only safe mode of enjoying amusements is in common. Where one sex enjoy their amusements alone they are sure to run into excess. The division of the human family into man, woman, and child, father, mother, brother, and sister, is the only conservative principle of society; they act and re-act upon each other like the different seasons of the earth. Each age and each sex has its peculiar characteristics, that serve to modify and check certain mischievous tendencies in the other sex, and in others of different ages. For one sex to attempt to amuse themselves agreeably and innocently alone, is like trying to make music on a one-stringed instrument.

Dr. Cox was a great smoker, and the habit held to him, notwithstanding the remonstrances of wife, parishioners and conscience. One day he was going to Albany on the steamer, when he was accosted by a strange man, who staggered up to him with great familiarity and said, 'G' me a—light, Dr. Cox.' The doctor did so, but when his cigar was returned, he threw it overboard in disgust and never smoked again.

Encouraging accounts are given of artesian wells sunk in the desert of Sahara. Two have been made, which yield an abundance of water, and the third is progressing. Neither is 200 feet deep.

The amiable Caligula had such profound reverence for his horse, that he created him a high priest and consul, assigning him a marble palace and bedecking him with jewels. The horse, though thus exalted, did not forget his origin, and never ignored oats.

A French philanthropic society offer a medal valued at £10, for the best book adapted to teach children kindness to the brute creation.

## THE

## Southern Confederacy.

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Address, HANLEITER & ADAIR,  
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March 30, 1861.



## Paul Revere's Ride.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend,—"If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch,  
Of the North Church-Tower, as a signal light;  
One if by land, and two if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,  
And a huge, black bulk, that magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower or the church,  
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river winds to meet the bay,—  
A line of black, that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,  
Then impetuous stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a speed that flies fearless and fleet;  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom  
and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river-fog,  
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock,  
When he rode into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village-clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning-breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have  
read  
How British regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,<—  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,  
And the mid-night message of Paul Revere.

GOOD LISTENERS.—Coleridge, who was a  
genius of knowledge, was glad of opportu-  
nities of display. Being a good talker, he  
liked to find a good listener; he admitted it,  
and told an anecdote of a very talkative French-  
man, who was introduced to a dumb lady.  
The Frenchman went on talking and the lady  
seemed to listen very attentively, never, of  
course, offering to put in a word. When the  
Frenchman afterwards met the friend who had  
introduced him, he expressed his obligations  
for bringing him with such an agreeable and  
intelligent woman. He was much astonished  
and mortified when told that she was dumb.  
An agreeable listener is the pleasantest com-  
panion for an egotist.

A hint to fishermen is found in the fact that  
in Holland the fish are killed as soon as they  
are taken from the water, it being held that  
the death struggle of the fish deteriorates their  
worth as articles of food.

A new Cox.—Why is a hen immortal? Be-  
cause her son never sets!

## THE DEAF WIVES.

The incident we are about to relate  
occurred some years since in the Gran-  
ite State, and as we abide beyond strik-  
ing distance of the parties and their im-  
mediate friends, we shall be a little more  
free in our description of the circum-  
stances than we otherwise should be.

Nathaniel Ela, or "Uncle Nat," as he  
was generally called, was the corpulent  
rubicund, and jolly old landlord of the  
best hotel in the flourishing village of  
Dover, at the head of the Piscataqua,  
and was excessively fond of a bit of fun  
withal. He was also the owner of a  
large farm in New Durham, about twenty-  
miles distant, the overseer of which was  
one Caleb Ricker, or "Boss Kale," as  
termed by the numerous hands under  
his control, fond of, and sufficiently wag-  
gish, for all practical fun and frolic.—  
Caleb like a wise and prudent man had  
a wife; so had "Uncle Nat," who was  
accustomed to visit his farm once a  
month or so, to see how matters went  
on. On the occasion of one of these vi-  
sits, the following dialogue occurred be-  
tween Nat and Mistress Ricker.

"Mr. Ela," said the good lady "why  
have you never brought Mrs. Ela out to  
see the farm, and pay us a visit? I dare  
say she would be pleased to spend a day  
or two with us, and I would endeavor  
to render her stay as pleasant and com-  
fortable as possible."

"Why to tell you the truth, Mrs. Ricker,"  
said Uncle Nat, "I have been think-  
ing about it, for some time, but then she  
is so very deaf as to render conversation  
with her extremely difficult—in fact it  
requires the greatest effort to make her  
hear anything that is said to her; and  
she is consequently very reluctant to  
mingle in the society of strangers."

"Never mind that," replied the im-  
portunate Mrs. Ricker. "I have a good  
strong voice, and if anybody can make  
her hear, I can."

"If you think so and will risk it," said  
Uncle Nat, she shall accompany me on  
my next visit to the farm, and this having  
been agreed on, Uncle Nat left for the  
field, to acquaint Boss Kale with what  
had passed, and with the plan of future  
operation, touching the promised visit of  
his wife.

It was finally settled between the wick-  
ed wags, that the fact their wives could  
both hear as well as anybody, should be  
kept a profound secret until disclosed by  
a personal interview of the ladies them-  
selves.

The next time Uncle Nat was about to  
visit the farm, he suggested to his wife  
that a ride into the country would be of  
service to her; that Mrs. Ricker, who  
had never seen her, was very anxious to  
receive a visit from her, and proposed  
that she should accompany him on this  
occasion. She readily consented, and  
they were soon on their journey. They  
had not proceeded far, however, before  
Uncle Nat observed to her that he was  
sorry to inform her that Mrs. Ricker was  
extremely deaf, and she would be under  
the necessity of elevating her voice to  
the highest pitch, in order to converse  
with her. Mrs. Ela regretted the mis-  
fortune, but thought as she had a pretty  
strong voice, she would be able to make  
her friends hear her.

In a few minutes after, Uncle Nat and  
his lady drove up to his country mansion  
and Boss Ricker, who had been previous-  
ly informed of the time of Uncle Nat's  
intended arrival, was already in waiting  
to enjoy the fun that was to come of a  
meeting of the deaf wives! Mrs. Ricker,  
not expecting them at the time hap-  
pened to be engaged in her domestic du-  
ties in the kitchen; but observing her  
visitor through the window, she flew to  
the glass to adjust her cap, and put her-  
self in the best trim to receive them that  
the moment would allow. In the mean-  
time, Boss Kale had ushered Uncle Nat  
and his lady into the parlor, by way of  
the front door, soon after which Mrs.  
Ricker appeared in the presence of the  
guests.

"Mrs. Ricker, I will make you ac-  
quainted with Mrs. Ela," roared Uncle  
Nat, in a voice of thunder.

"How do you do, madam," screamed  
Mrs. Ricker to Mrs. Ela, with her mouth  
close to the ear of the latter.

"Very well, I thank you," replied Mrs.  
Ela, in tone of corresponding elevation.

"How did you leave your family?"—  
continued Mrs. R. in a voice quite up  
to the pitch of her first effort.

"All very well, I thank you—how's  
your family?" resumed Mrs. E. in a key  
which called into requisition all the pow-  
er of her lungs.

In the meantime Uncle Nat and Boss  
Kale, who were convulsed beyond the  
power of endurance, had quietly stolen  
out of the door, and remained under the  
window, listening to the boisterous con-  
versation of their deaf wives, which was  
continued on the same elevated letter of  
the staff for some time, when Mrs. R. in  
the ledger-line key she had observed  
from the first, thus addressed her lady  
guest.

What on earth are you hallooing to me  
for—I ain't deaf?"

"Ain't you, indeed?" said Mrs. Ela,  
"but pray what are you hallooing to me  
for—I'm sure I'm not deaf?"

Each, then, came gradually down to  
her ordinary key, when a burst of laugh-  
ter from Uncle Nat and Boss Kale, at the  
window, revealed the whole trick,  
and the ladies themselves were compelled  
to join in the merriment they had afford-  
ed to the outsiders, by the ludicrous  
character of their interview.—[Washing-  
ton (Pa.) Commonwealth.

From the Home Circle.

## MY MUTE SCHOLARS.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

John's classmate, Susan, was emphat-  
ically a jewel of a girl. She could not  
be regarded as beautiful, in the general  
appreciation of the word, and yet she  
had one of the sweetest tempers I ever  
knew. Her complexion was fair; her  
face usually pale, from feeble health.—  
She loved her parents with a daughter's  
affection, and spoke to me in glowing  
terms of the affection which she felt for  
them. She lost her hearing at, I be-  
lieve, five months old; but did not seem  
to feel the privation sensibly. She said  
she was contented with her condition,  
and that it was best to submit to the de-  
crees of Divine Providence. Naturally  
of a timid disposition, she feared more  
than anything else to displease those who  
had the charge of her education. She  
prayed to God, as she often told me,  
three times a day. She frequently dwelt  
with rapture on the kindness which she  
daily received from her heavenly Father,  
and even delighted in giving me the  
catalogue of those kindnesses. Exquis-  
ite as were the sensibilities of her mind  
and heart, she was neither ashamed nor  
afraid to tell me that not a night passed  
without her soul being wholly absorbed  
in the contemplation of God's infinite  
mercy.

We are all by nature proud. So Susan  
had pride, but it was of that kind  
which rejects every thing which comes  
under the ban of virtue. Christians  
ought to be proud; that is, proud of their  
superiority over the votaries of vice,  
without carrying that pride to extremes.  
Pride, when kept within proper bounds,  
excites men to action in their respective  
spheres of labor, especially in the labor  
of love. Susan's memory was good, and  
her application such as is usually to be  
found among those who, finding a real  
pleasure in study, perform their tasks  
with right good will. She got by rote  
questions and answers in particular which  
her instructor taught her, as she was de-  
sirous of enjoying a free interchange of  
sentiment with her parents and friends.  
She was very anxious to be thoroughly  
acquainted with the art of letter-writing,  
and, indeed, to acquire an easy and  
graceful style of writing. It was with a  
diffidence amounting to nervous timidity  
that she entered upon a new course of  
study, such as, for example, arithmetic,  
geography, astronomy and the BELLES-  
LETTRES. If her teacher made her try  
her hand at penmanship, her limbs trem-  
bled so that she could hardly write a  
plain, round hand; but, in the absence  
of exciting causes, she could write as  
neat a hand as any of the other girls.

If any of the teacher's girls were dispos-  
ed to trouble him, Susan pointed out to  
them the wrong of such a course, and  
tried to impress upon them the import-  
ance of rendering honor to whom honor  
is due. She took particular care to  
avoid displeasing, not only her teacher,  
but the officers of the school. When  
they spoke to her, her countenance was  
lit up with a smile, and she modestly an-  
swered the questions put to her. Her  
conversation and manners bespoke a  
mind improved by education and refined  
by society. Her gait was graceful, and  
never failed to excite admiration. Her  
personal habits were neat, and she could  
not endure for a moment the sight of  
anything unclean. To cap the climax,  
she had an exquisite taste for the beau-  
tiful in nature and art.

She liked all kinds of reading.—She  
said she felt the necessity of practicing  
in composition, in order to be an easy  
and graceful writer; and she devoted all  
the energies of her mind to the accom-  
plishment of this praise-worthy object.  
When out of school, nothing engaged her  
mind so wholly as the glories of heaven;  
and her pure heart yearned after them.  
She told me that, next to God, she loved  
her father best. She had not remained  
at school quite a year, but she often  
found herself melting into tears; and her  
soul convulsed with grief, at the thought  
of the length of time that had elapsed  
since she saw her dear father. After a  
year's instruction, she wrote a short let-  
ter to him for the first time in her schol-  
astic life. I well remember how happy  
she looked when she penned it. I re-  
quested to read it, and was so much  
pleased with it, that I desired her to  
write a copy of it for me. And most cheer-  
fully did she comply with my request. I  
have the copy yet. The reader will please  
bear in mind that when she first came to  
school she knew nothing, or next to no-  
thing, of written language, and was total-  
ly ignorant of the uses of objects about  
her. At first her timidity interfered  
with her advancement; but, by de-  
grees, the kind treatment she received  
took it away. But to the letter. Here  
it is, entire:

"PHILADELPHIA.

"DEAR FATHER:—I sit down to write  
a few lines. My health is generally good.  
I saw you last summer. I often think  
about you. All the pupils are well, with  
one or two exceptions. I wish to hear  
from you. When may I hope to know  
how my dear brothers and sisters are?—  
I have not seen my brothers since I came  
here. I wish I could spend a holiday  
with you next summer. I give my love  
to my brothers and sisters. I often  
speak to my teacher about you. My  
teacher is deaf and dumb. How does  
my brother Walter do? Where does he  
live? I will avoid displeasing my moth-  
er when my education shall have been  
finished. I like to stay here very much,  
because the principal, matrons and teach-  
ers are kind to me. Mr. H— is the  
principal of the Institution. Miss C—  
is the matron of the Institution. I shall  
never forget the many kindnesses which  
I received from you before I came here.  
I try to please my teacher. I think of  
you by day, and dream of you by night.  
I had a cold the other day. I wish to  
hear from you. I hope to hear from you.  
I like to live in the Institution very well.  
I am your affectionate daughter,  
SUSAN."

I had the extreme felicity (for such I  
consider it) of becoming perfectly ac-  
quainted with Susan's disposition, and I  
am free to say that I never beheld such  
a perfect combination of virtues in so  
young a girl.

I have often tried, in vain, to banish  
from my mind the painful conversation  
which she had with me on the subject of  
her mother, just before she ceased to be  
my pupil. With a serious face, she told  
me that she wished she could see her  
mother once more. (Her mother had  
been buried many years.) I said to her:  
"You cannot expect to see her in the  
flesh again."

"Ah!" answered she, "I wish to die,  
that I may have once again the pleasure  
of seeing my dear mother."

I felt annoyed at the words of my in-  
teresting pupil, and requested her not to  
talk on so solemn a subject; but she  
seemed unwilling to leave off.

"My mother was so kind to me," con-  
tinued she, "I really cannot cease to  
think of her. I am sorry that I am be-  
reft of her kind attentions."

"I will try to supply her place to you,"  
said I. "I am sorry that you have been  
deprived of a kind and affectionate par-  
ent. We shall all die; so your friends  
must die."

"I love my father," remarked she, in  
an emphatic manner. "If he should die  
before me, what should I do? I am so  
sickly, that I fear I shall be a burden to  
my friends. I should prefer to die be-  
fore my father."

I was silent, for I did not like this kind  
of conversation; it was so foreign to my  
feelings. She said:

"My father treated me kindly, despite  
my faults. When I was a little girl, he  
used, the dear, good father, to come into  
my chamber at night, to see if I was  
comfortable. I often think of this."

"Your father is very kind," said I.—  
"You ought to thank God for so kind a  
father."

"I love my father and mother too well,  
I know; but I cannot help it," said she.

"I am afraid I shall also be deprived  
of the kind and affectionate attentions of  
a father. How I would hate to stand  
alone in this dreary world!"

I explained to her that there was one  
Being who was father to orphan children.

"You must not love your father and  
mother better than God," continued I.—  
"I rejoice to know that you love your  
parents so well. My own father died  
when I was a small boy. I loved him  
quite as much as you do your kind par-  
ents. Although I lost sight of my dear  
father so many years ago, yet, when I  
think of him, it makes me feel quite sad.  
I remember how often he came into my  
room at night, and watched by the side  
of my crib, until I fairly got into a slum-  
ber. I occasionally go to church where  
he used to attend; and I cannot leave it  
without stopping to take a long look at  
the grave of my dearest father. Susan,  
my dear Susan, I would be the happiest  
man in the world, did it please our Heav-  
enly Father to take us together up into  
his kingdom at the same time. Let us  
pray for each other every night and mor-  
ning. Be of good cheer, Susan."

One morning, as I entered my school-  
room, a young girl handed me a small  
slate, saying, as she did so, that my name  
was written on the slate by Susan. I in-  
voluntarily exclaimed, "She is a good  
girl!" and then proceeded to read the  
slate. Susan had encircled my *nom de  
plume* with stars, after this fashion:

\* JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE. \*

I summoned Susan, who soon made  
her appearance, and told her that noth-  
ing could be more beautiful than the dec-  
orations which she had hung around my  
nature. She answered, smiling:

"It is intended for a compliment to my  
dear teacher."

Under the continual sunshine of her  
face, my feelings mended; ay, and my  
manners improved. Who can deny that  
the society of good girls is valuable, as  
purifying the bad humors of men? I saw  
in Susan one of the humblest girls, and  
admired her. I loved her so well, that if  
she pointed out my omissions, I could  
not be displeased with her. She was not  
afraid of me, (I do not like to see my  
girls afraid of me,) but she was far from  
what is commonly called bold. No man,  
I believe, could have been happier than  
I felt when she stood by my side. Her  
prattle evinced a total ignorance of the  
corruptions that are in the world; it re-  
minded me of the expression: "Ignor-  
ance is bliss."

## THE DEAF COUNTESS.

A story illustrative of a union of po-  
lite courtesy, with rough and violent ebu-  
lition of temper common in the old Scot-  
tish character, is well known in the Lo-  
thian family;

William Henry, fourth marquis of Lo-  
thian, had for his guest at dinner an old  
countess to whom he wished to show par-  
ticular respect and attention. The Mar-  
quis of Lothian was aid-de-camp to the  
Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of  
Culloden, and sullied his character very  
much as a soldier and a nobleman, by  
the cruelties which he exercised on the  
vanquished. After a very complimentary  
reception, he put on his white gloves  
to hand her down stairs, led her to the  
upper end of the table, bowed, and re-  
tired to his own place. This I am as-  
sured was the usual custom with the chief  
lady guest by persons who themselves  
remember it. After all were seated, the  
Marquis addressed the lady—

"Madam, may I have the honor and  
happiness of helping your ladyship to  
some fish?"

But he got no answer, for the poor  
woman was DEAF AS A POST, and did not  
hear him; after a pause, but still in the  
most courteous accents—

"Madam, have I your ladyship's per-  
mission to send you some fish?"

"Then a little quicker—

"Is your ladyship inclined to take  
fish?"

"Very quick, and rather peremptory—

"Madam, do you choose fish?"

At last the thunder burst, to every-  
body's consternation, with a loud thump  
at the table and stamp on the floor—  
"Con—found it! will ye have any  
fish?"

We are afraid the exclamation might  
have been even of a more pungent char-  
acter.

Of the eighty beneficiaries supported  
by Massachusetts at the asylum for the  
deaf and dumb in Hartford, fifteen are  
from Worcester county, and the next  
largest number from any single county  
is from Suffolk, which sends thirteen,  
twelve of whom are from Boston.

Dr. Adam Clarke, who had a strong av-  
ersion to pork, was called upon to say grace  
at a dinner, where the principal dish was  
a roast pig. He is reported to have said:—  
"O, Lord, if thou canst bless under the gos-  
pel what thou dost curse under the law,  
bless this pig."

The new Orange Peel Majerka is comin'  
into vogue. It is a street performance, the  
first step of which is upon the customary  
orange peel thrown on the sidewalk, which  
leads to the cutting of a very ridiculous figure  
by the performer. Men weighing more than  
two hundred pounds should avoid it.

Lord Thurlow was storming one day at his  
old valet, who thought little of a violence with  
which he had been long familiar, and "Go to  
the devil, do," cries the enraged master; "Go,  
I say, to the devil." "Give me a character,  
my Lord," replied the fellow, dryly: "people  
like, you know, to have characters from their  
acquaintances."

Send your little child to bed happy. What-  
ever cares press, give it a warm good night  
kiss, as it goes to its pillow. The memory of  
this, in the stormy years which fate may have  
in store for the little one, will be like Bethle-  
hem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My  
father—my mother loved me!" Fate cannot  
take away that blessed heart balm. Lips  
parched with the world's fever heart balm will  
become dewy again at this thrill of youthful  
memories. Kiss your little child before it goes  
to sleep.

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in style and prices, which cannot be sur-  
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is such, that we shall always have their latest  
productions at the very earliest moment, many  
styles of which will be confined exclusively to  
our own sales.

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best styles can find them here, at the lowest  
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